

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.

VOL. I.

AUGUST 1, 1829.

NO. 6.

CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

The Rivals of Este, and other Poems, by James G Brooks and Mary E Brooks. 1829.

Brooks is very well known to all of us already. He is a Poet, who ranks deservedly among the ablest of our country. Some of his effusions that we could particularize, are such as might be freely acknowledged by some of the genuine European writers of the present day. 'The Dying Year' has some exquisite verses. The Stanzas interspersed about the book, to 'Cora,' are very excellent as amatory effusions. The Lines on 'Freedom,' to 'Van Rensselaer,' 'The Grave,' 'Ireland,' 'Greece,' in particular, gave us much pleasure. They are in Percival's best manner. We can only afford room for the following piece of fine melancholy. It is chaste, vigorous and pathetic.

THE BROKEN HEART.

There is a grief which doth not wring
The bosom with a single sigh,
That doth not shade the brow, nor bring
The moisture from the heavy eye;
But lives where men cannot intrude;
Of human things, a thing apart,
In the deep bosom's solitude,
And there it feasts upon the heart.

It is a quiet reveller,
As is the noiseless coffin-worm,
That lone and sullen banqueter,
That battens on the human form:
No wassail shout, no song of glee
Is heard within that narrow dome;
No echoes tell the revelry
That cheers the earth worm in his home

Such is that sorrow's festival:
But ah! it hath a higher prey,
A loftier victim in its thrall,
A nobler mansion than the clay!
That wasting sorrow doth inherit
A palace framed with wondrous art;
That palace is the human spirit,
That victim is the broken heart!

Mrs Brooks, formerly Miss Aiken, ac-
NEW SERIES—Vol. 1

quired much reputation as the writer of many graceful and sweet verses, under the signature of 'Norna,' in several of the New-York Dailies. The longest Poem in the collection, and from which this volume takes its name, is from her pen. It is too vague and imperfect as a whole, possessing some passages of fine poetry, but encumbered with much of that mysticism, which has never set well upon any one but Byron, and which frequently led him into doubtful, ambiguous wordiness. In the smaller productions, we discover more of that genuine enthusiasm, which if not inspiration, is, at least, very much like it. From these we quote the following:

'OH NO, IT NEVER CROSSED MY HEART.'

Oh no—it never crossed my heart
To think of thee with love,
For we are severed far apart
As earth and arch above;
And though in many a midnight dream
Ye've prompted fancy's brightest theme,
I never thought that thou could'st be
More than that midnight dream to me.

A something bright and beautiful
Which I must teach me to forget,
Ere I can turn to meet the dull
Realities which linger yet.

A something girt with summer flowers,
And laughing eyes and sunny hours;
While I, too well I know, will be
Not e'en a midnight dream to thee!

'FROM ALL THE SUNNY TINTS.'

From all the sunny tints that lie
For fancy veiled in yonder sky;
From all the lights that gaily glow
Where fortune rears her shrine below;
From all that's bright in earth and sea,
My spirit fondly turns to thee.

Though other hours to me may bear
The wreath that man is proud to wear,
Though others pause to list the lay
That now so idly steals away;
And smiles may gild the leaves I twine,
My heart will only sigh for thine.

I would not tread yon azure sky
 If not thy love might linger by ;
 For cold would be the brightest star,
 If from thy bosom parted far ;
 Oh, thou to me a star hast given,
 Far brighter than the orbs of Heaven.

And when in yon Eternity,
 Oh, tell me, may I cling to thee ;
 Only to thee for ever ! ever !
 No cloud to shade, no sin to sever ;
 And every dream of bliss will be
 Bright in its own reality !

*Address at the Dedication of the Building
 in Chalmers-street, designed as a Depo-
 sitory for Bibles, Tracts, &c, &c. By
 Thomas S Grimke. 1829.*

Perhaps no individuals in our community are better entitled to the merit of good citizens, than those who lend their time and talents in support of institutions having a happy tendency to advance the literature of our state, or improve the morals of the citizens. As a literary man, Mr Grimke is already advantageously known both in the United States, and in Europe, and although some of his essays have partially suffered from the *opinions* of a few of our *Southern* friends, yet they are of a character to survive those transitory shocks which popular reviewers have it in their power for the present, to produce, but to which, time, and the good sense of the reader, must ultimately award the highest degree of merit.

'Read, and judge for yourselves,' is one of those safe and sensible lessons of advice which, if more frequently attended to, could not fail so disabuse many persons of ridiculous and erroneous opinions, taken up from idle report, or the testimony of ignorant or prejudiced hearers. So few of us have the courage to pronounce our own views, that it is oftentimes altogether a matter of chance if the most of those who talk the loudest, and give utterance to the most consummate vanity, happen to be on the right or the wrong side of a question. We have never known a case more directly in point, than the occasion on which the above address was delivered. Not having had the pleasure of hearing the orator, we were not long without being *taxed* to listen to certain industrious tell-tales, who, like the revilers of 'Junius,' would first misunderstand the matter, and then condemn it as something very extravagant, very dangerous. 'O, monstrous!' said one, 'the address has denounced our theatres in toto!' 'We are to drink no spi-

rits!' said a second; and to finish this laughable farce, 'all the wonders of the world,' said a third, 'are as a drop of water in the ocean, when compared to the far famed Sunday Schools!' Now, it is evident that these tyros in the habits of retention, must have been sadly stupified with a 'waking dream,' or dreadfully unfortunate as regards their hearing, if they could infer any such follies from the following just and sensible remarks:

'Let us survey, in imagination, ere yet the corner stone was laid, the spot once adorned by the Ephesian temple. Let us behold the architect, preparing its spacious site, gathering the giant blocks of marble, arranging his army of workmen, and watching with all the anxiety of genius, all the sensibility of taste, and all the skill of science, the ascending fabric. Let us behold the wealth of kingdoms lavished, to provide its imperial columns. Let us gather into view, the lapse of more than two centuries, and look upon it, when the architect had finished the labor of two hundred and twenty years. The day of dedication has come; the whole city is poured around it, rejoicing in its magnificence and beauty: sacrifices are offered on many an altar; hymns of adoration are swelling within and without; while at intervals, thousands and tens of thousands of voices, send up the shout, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' And why this prodigal display of wealth and art, this host of enthusiastic admirers and worshippers? To honor an imaginary being, a cruel, polluted goddess, whose character would fill a Christian family with shame and mourning; and even in the fashionable circles of our own country, would kindle indignation and horror.

'Not such are the wonders of the Christian world, in our day and our nation: not such the objects, for which we build. Millions upon millions are not lavished on palaces and amphitheatres, on the statues and temples of false gods, vile, cruel and deceitful. But it is our glory, that while we have no Coliseum, no Labyrinth, no Pyramids, we have blessed our country, adorned our age, and honored our species by institutions, whose beauty lies in their simple, practical character, in their purity, usefulness and wisdom. We boast not here of our civil and political improvements; the admiration of the world, the hope of posterity, the model of the wise and virtuous, among

the patriots of Europe. We refer to those kind and valuable institutions, which are the offspring of the Gospel, which honor God, and bless mankind, which have arisen, and continue to arise, through all our borders, and exert on every age and condition, an influence, pure and meek, benevolent and holy. We speak of those, whose objects are to distribute Bibles and Tracts; to send forth Missionaries for the destitute at home, for the heathen abroad; to establish and support the Sunday school; to convert the Sailor; to provide for the sick and the poor; to gladden the hearts of the deaf and the dumb; to promote education, temperance and peace. *Be these the wonders of our land*; for they are indeed, pearls above all price. Who would exchange for them, thrice the Seven Wonders of the ancient world? Who does not rejoice, when he beholds such institutions, with their simple, tranquil, charitable spirit, smiling through all our land, shedding their blessings on the social and domestic circle, scattering the treasures of their love at home and abroad, and sending up to heaven, the never failing incense of gratitude, supplication and praise? Had I the power to gather into the bosom of our dear country, all the glories of the ancient sculptors, architects and painters, provided these institutions should cease to exist among us, I would hold myself to have sinned a sin, never to be forgiven, were I to pause, even for an instant, in the decision. *Those* would, indeed, make our country a theatre of wonders, to the eye of taste and science; but *these* have dedicated her to the service and glory of God, and are daily preparing her, more and more, to act with joy, and honor, that noble part, which becomes a free, a peaceful, an educated, a Christian people.'

As to the denunciations against the theatre, and the use of ardent spirits, we have not been able to find them. If they exist, they must be like the leaves in the books of the sybil, not to be seen or understood by all eyes. It is true, there is a just censure upon the many who, while they complain of the small demand made upon them for the aid of religious institutions, are not unwilling to sacrifice at the shrine of fashion and folly, not only a vast deal more than would be necessary to sustain and perpetuate the cause of charity and religion, but in many cases

more; much more than they can *claim as their own*. Now, for ourselves, we say with King Solomon, 'there are times for all things'—to dance, to sing, &c, &c: and according to the noble Moor, 'where virtue is, these are most virtuous.' But must it not shock the decency of any one to witness the many subterfuges which are daily made to escape the most trifling donations? When hundreds of cases, such as we have mentioned, are discoverable at a glance, we say, then, with our author—

'The children of this world cast their mites by tens of thousands on the altar of vice and fashion. The Theatre alone, swallows up in one year, as in a fearful, mighty Maelstrom, more of our wealth, than all the religious societies of the union. The gambling table, inexorable as death, insatiable as the grave, consumes its hundreds of thousands; while the Demon of Ardent Spirits levies a yearly tribute of twenty eight millions. The children of this world are indeed wiser than the children of light; for *those* pour out their treasures, with a spendthrift joy, at the shrine of vice, and luxury, and fashion; but *these*, in the cause of God, and of eternity, and of perishing souls, too often yield up with reluctance, even the crumbs that fall from their tables.'

Not that we object to the theatre, or any other fashionable resort, used as a means of innocent recreation, but because we do maintain that it is disgraceful to pay unbounded homage to things of minor consideration, while we are mainly defective in the just performance of imperious duties. It too frequently happens that many improprieties are hastily got over, by this sweeping excuse, which is generally at the end of every man's tongue who is charged with them, 'It is human nature, and you cannot expect to alter mankind.' Now, the fact is not so; it is not human nature to rob and plunder our neighbors, for the indulgence of our appetites; it is not human nature to pass our whole lives in scenes of luxury and dissipation, without one thought to the starving condition of our fellow-creatures; it is not human nature to forget the very source of our being, and attempt to regulate our destinies as though we were the authors of our lives. If we may be allowed the term, we should rather say that all this was *inhuman* nature; that the violations of decen-

cy, the abuse of Divine mercy, the absence of gratitude for favors received, are strong evidences of the existence of some brutish spirit within us, which the vices of society, and not our human nature, tend rather to increase, than enable us to controul.

Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish. In 2 vols. (New Am. Ed.)

Robert Southey, the Laureate, is less known in our country by his writings, than he deserves to be. Few among our readers, indeed, have any acquaintance with him beyond that afforded by the 'Vision of Judgment,' and the frequent and severe tirades against him, morally, poetically and politically, made by Byron. This shall furnish our only excuse for referring at this late day to the 'Letters of Espriella from England.' Upon this work, our remarks will be short, and principally intended to introduce it to the attention of our readers. It is written, under the character of a Spaniard, on a visit to England, and is in a free, plain and natural style, that cannot be too much recommended to epistolary writers generally. We refer the American reader to the chapters xxxvi, xxxvii, xxxviii, and xxxix. from the first of which we make the following extract :

'*Account of Joanna Southcott.*—In the early part of the thirteenth century, there appeared an English virgin in Italy, beautiful and eloquent, who affirmed that the Holy Ghost was in her for the redemption of women; and she baptized women in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of herself. Her body was carried to Milan, and burnt there. An arch-heretic of the same sex and country is now establishing a sect in England, founded upon a not dissimilar and equally portentous blasphemy. The name of this woman is Joanna Southcott; she neither boasts of the charms of her forerunner, nor needs them. Instead of having an eye which can fascinate, and a tongue which can persuade to error by glossing it with sweet discourse, she is old, vulgar, and illiterate. In all the innumerable volumes which she has sent into the world, there are not three connected sentences in sequence, and the language alike violates common sense and common syntax; yet she has her followers among the educated classes, and even among

the benefited clergy. 'If Adam,' she says, 'had refused listening to a foolish, ignorant woman, at first, then man might refuse listening to a foolish, ignorant woman, at last:—'and the argument is admitted by her adherents. When we read in romance of enchanted fountains, they are described as flowing in such clear and sparkling waters as tempt the traveller to thirst; here, there may be a magic in the draught, but he who can taste of so foul a stream, must previously have lost his senses. The filth and the abominations of demoniacal witchcraft are emblematical of such delusions; not the golden goblet and bewitching allurements of Circe and Armida.

'The patient, resolute obedience with which I have collected for you some account of this woman and her system, from a pile of pamphlets half a yard high, will, I hope, be imputed to me as a merit.—Had the heretics of old been half so voluminous, and half as dull, St. Epiphanius would never have persevered through his task.

'She was born in Devonshire about the middle of last century, and seems to have passed about forty years of her life in honest industry; sometimes as a servant, at others working at the upholsterer's business, without any other symptoms of a disordered intellect than that she was zealously attached to the Methodists.—These people were equally well qualified to teach her the arts of imposture, or to drive her mad; or to produce in her a happy mixture of craziness and knavery, ingredients which, in such cases are usually found in combination. She mentions in her book a preacher who frequented her master's house, and according to her account, lived in habits of adultery with the wife, trying at the same time to debauch the daughter, while the husband vainly attempted to seduce Joanna herself. This preacher used to terrify all who heard him in prayer, and make them shriek out convulsively. He said that he had sometimes at a meeting made the whole congregation lie stiff upon the floor, till he had got the evil spirit out of them; that there never was a man so highly favored of God as himself; that he would not thank God to make him any thing, unless he made him greater than any other man upon earth, and give him power above all men; and he boasted upon hearing the death of one

who had censured him, that he had fasted and prayed three days and three nights beseeching God to take vengeance upon that man, and send him to eternity.—Where such impious bedlamites as this are allowed to walk abroad, it is not to be wondered at, that madness should become epidemic. Joanna Southcott lived in a house which this man frequented; and where, notwithstanding his infamous life, his pretensions to supernatural gifts were acknowledged, and he was accustomed to preach and pray. The servants all stood in fear of him. She says he had no power over her; but she used to think the room was full of spirits when he was in prayer; and he was so haunted that he never could sleep in a room by himself, for he said his wife came every night to trouble him; she was perplexed about him, fully believing that he wrought miracles, and wondering by what spirit he wrought them. After she became a prophetess herself, she discovered that this Sanderson was the false prophet in the Revelations; who is to be taken with the Beast, and cast alive with him into a lake of burning brimstone.

Four persons have written to Joanna upon the subject of her pretended mission, each calling himself Christ! One Mr Leach, a Methodist preacher, told her to go to the Lord in *his name*, and tell the Lord that *he said* her writings were inspired by the Devil. These circumstances show how commonly delusion, blasphemy, and madness are to be found in this country; and may lessen our wonder at the phrenzy of Joanna and her followers. Her own career began humbly, with prophecies concerning the weather, such as the popular English almanacs contain, and threats concerning the fate of Europe, and the success of the French, which were at that time the speculations of every newspaper, and of every ale-house politician. Some of these guesses having chanced to be right, the women of the family in which she then worked at the upholstering business, began to lend ear to her; and she ventured to submit her papers to the judgment of one Mr Pomeroy, the clergyman whose church she attended in Exeter. He listened to her with timid curiosity, rather wanting courage than credulity, to become her disciple; received from her certain sealed prophecies, which were at some future time to be opened; when, as

it would be seen they had been accomplished, they would prove the truth of her inspiration; and sanctioned, or seemed to sanction, her design of publishing her call to the world. But in this publication his own name appeared, and that in such a manner, as plainly to imply, that if he had not encouraged her to print, he had not endeavored to prevent her from so doing. His eyes were immediately opened to his own imprudence, whatever they may have been to the nature of her call, and he obtained her consent to insert an advertisement in the newspaper, with her signature, stating that he had said it was the work of the Devil. But here the parties are at issue: as the advertisement was worded, it signifies that Mr Pomeroy always said her call was from the Devil; on the other hand, Joanna and her witnesses protest that what she had signed was merely an acknowledgment that Mr Pomeroy had said, after her book was printed, the Devil had instigated her to print his name in it. This would not be worthy of mention, if it were not for the very extraordinary situation into which this gentleman had brought himself. Wishing to be clear of the connexion in which he had so unluckily engaged, he burnt the sealed papers which had been entrusted to his care. From that time all the Joannians, who are now no inconsiderable number, regard him as the arch-apostate. He is the Jehoiakim who burnt Jeremiah's roll of prophecies; he is their Judas Iscariot; a second Lucifer, son of the Morning. They call upon him to produce these prophecies, which she boldly asserts, and they implicitly believe, have all been fulfilled, and therefore convince the world of the truth of her mission. In vain does Mr Pomeroy answer that he has burnt these unhappy papers: in an unhappy hour for himself did he burn them! Day after day, long letters are dispatched to him, sometimes from Joanna herself, sometimes from her brother, sometimes from one of her four-and-twenty elders; filled with exhortation, invective, texts of scripture, and denunciations of the law in this world and the Devil in the next; and these letters the prophetess prints, for this very sufficient reason—that all her believers purchase them. Mr Pomeroy sometimes treats them with contempt; at other times he appeals to their compassion, and beseech-

es them, if they have any bowels of Christian charity, to have compassion on him, and let him rest: and no longer add to the inconceivable and irreparable injuries they have already occasioned him. If he is silent, no matter; on they go printing copies of all which they write; and when he is worried into replying, his answers also serve to swell Joanna's books. In this manner is this poor man, because he has recovered his senses, persecuted by a crazy prophetess and her four-and-twenty crazy elders: who seem determined not to desist, till, one way or other, they have made him as ripe for Bedlam as they are themselves.'

The chapters noted will probably satisfy us that we are not, (in the South at least,) a manufacturing people. Our states that are so, may not for many years arrive at the full realization of this picture; but when our population shall become as dense as England, what may we not anticipate? The chapters referred to will exhibit more fully the miserable condition of this wretched class.

The American Editor has interspersed the edition with notes of his own, many of which are idle and impertinent, and very far from being necessary to the text. In fact, without such is the case, no Editor should assume the privilege of affixing any note whatever.

Anne of Geierstein, or the Maiden of the Mist. By the Author of Waverley. 1829.

We may be performing a very unnecessary labor, in noticing at all, a work that must be, by this time, in the hands of nearly all the reading community. But as there is a reciprocal degree of dependency between author and critic, we are not in the slightest degree disposed to forego our privilege of forming and expressing our opinion, particularly where, as in the present instance, the subject is one of that scarce and uncommon game, that affords no small importance to the pursuer, whether successful or otherwise.

The best evidence of the success of a novel, and that is all that the author and publisher have to care about, is the interest which it maintains in the mind of the reader, and the influence that, like a spell, binds him down to a regular and uninterrupted perusal to the end. Such is the case with us, in the reading of this new effort of the Waverley giant. We have been highly delighted to the very finish-

ing of the Swiss Maiden, and quite unwilling to conclude where we did. We do not pretend or affect to believe the present productions of this wonderful man's pen, as good as his second-rate previous writings; but it fully maintains for him the possession of that high eminence, from which, as with the power of a wizard, he has sent his spells over the world. It would be folly in us to make any extracts from a work which every body has read; and contenting ourselves with acknowledging our individual debt to the truly astonishing and seemingly unfailing powers of a man, who is the wonder of this, and must be that of every succeeding age, we must conclude with the earnest hope, that the years of this great and good man, 'may be long in the land.'

An Eulogium on the late Hon. Theo. Gaillard, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. By William Lance.

We had solicited from some of our correspondents a Biographical Notice of the late Hon. Judge Gaillard, which the publication of the neat and manly eulogy before us will render unnecessary. The plain simplicity of the style, which is the most striking peculiarity of this production, will recommend it to the reader. We can spare room but for the following extract, in which a clear and satisfactory analysis of the mind of the subject will prove the best commentary in favor of the writer.

'After a service of several years in the Legislature, (during which he declined a re-election to the Chair, from the principle he professed, that such honors should be partaken of in rotation by others,) he retired to more tranquil scenes. But in the contest of 1808, which resulted in the elevation of Mr Madison to the Presidency, and the continuance of the Republican system of administration, he was induced to add the weight of his abilities, political popularity, and influence, to the cause of his party. He was returned a member of the House, from the Parish of Christ Church. His able discharge of the duties of Speaker, was still fresh in the remembrance of all. The station was again confirmed on him, under circumstances highly flattering and complimentary.

'It was during this session that the Court of Appeals in Equity was established, a tribunal which greatly meliorated

the condition of our judicature. It was a reformation introduced and supported by the most enlightened of the profession. The acknowledged talents, erudition and experience of the officer who presided over the house, identified him at once with the institution they had created.—He was invested with the ermine by an unanimity seldom paralleled. In this office, so vitally important to the great interests of property, and the domestic and business relations of society at large, his unclouded intelligence, quick-sighted acumen, and solid strength of judgment, applied with readiness and singular aptitude the doctrines of Chancery to the cases which called for his adjudication. Of these doctrines his knowledge was extensive, profound, and eminently practical. His decrees were pronounced with a promptness and decision equally removed from precipitancy or unnecessary delay. They were the exact type of his ideas, clear and easily intelligible to all. They were encumbered by no superfluous reference to authorities, no pedantry of the science, (of which for the occasion he conceived himself the expositor and the minister,) no useless elaboration in arriving at a conclusion. His analyzing mind had thoroughly investigated the original sources of our jurisprudence by which he was to be governed. A most felicitous memory could array instantly the printed guides he was to follow, while his nice discrimination and spirit developed the spirit and reason of the equitable and legal codes he was dispensing. No Chancellor submitted with more deference to points already decided, though they met not his concurrence. No one was more zealous in preserving inviolate the great land-marks of the system, though the bold independence and activity of his penetrating mind would discern, and fearlessly assert, when requisite, the inapplicability of some antique principles of our unparalleled institutions. What was said of Lord Thurlow by an admirer, may be repeated of him, 'I never found that he meant to break through the rule. No man criticized more upon rules laid down by other judges, but no man was more rigid in observing them, when he could once deduce them.'—*3d Vesey*, 527.

—
The Spy Unmasked: or Memoirs of Enoch Crosby, &c. New York: 1829.

It was quite bad enough to give us stupid fiction, but to inflict upon us stupid

truth, is past all bearing. A dull fact is an offensive member of dull society, and in small communities frequently undergoes the sentence put in force anciently, against offenders of a certain nature, and is regularly drummed through and out of town. So should it be with dull books, particularly if they pretend to be true. A dull truth is a heavy evil, heavier by far than a dull fiction. Our belief is demanded for the former; the latter if we read it at all, claims from us no confidence or trust, and cannot, therefore, betray us.

This volume is a regular catch-penny, and of the most wretched and contemptible kind. It attaches itself to 'The Spy' of Cooper and pretends to the merit of having furnished the materials of the novel. Now this is nonsense. We believe not a word of it. Cooper's genius needed no such helps and aids to the conception or completion of his design. The plan is not new as the compiler of the book suggests, but very old as Cooper himself knew. Fixing itself, as it does, to the fine romance of 'The Spy,' we cannot but regard it in the same light with those rotten excrescences, which arise from the richness of the tree; and which, if they do not destroy, serve at least to stain and disfigure it. On a word, this book is made for sale, and by a very clumsy workman.

—
The New York Mirror. Edited by George P Morris. New York.

The New York Mirror, is without exception, the neatest Journal of Literature in the country. The publishers seem to spare no expense upon it, and this fact, independent of any other merit should entitle it to patronage. We are disposed to think more highly of it, however for another, and to us, a better reason. The manly and honest tone of the editorial sentiment, on our Southern dependencies, (literary as well as political,) and the novel courtesy which has almost for the first time been extended to us, will teach us that the prospect is not wholly visionary, which is to bring us into the rank and repute of civilization and exalt us from our present state of barbarism, into equality and esteem. There are national as well as individual slumbers; and, it is said, the longer the sleep, the more energetic and fearful the awakening. We must have our sleep out, and in the meantime, will be grateful to the friendly hand that brushes the mosquitoes from our place of repose.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

A Sketch.

I had been many nights, a watcher by
The bed of one I loved. Disease had laid,
With almost fatal impress, his cold hand
Upon the laughing lids of her bright eyes,
And the fine, delicate tints of a young cheek,
Now worn by sickness to an ashy hue.
My heart was fill'd with fear, my eyes with tears
And hope had been a stranger to us all
For a long time of doubt. Skill in vain
Seemed to administer, and kindness spoke
No longer in the soothing voice of hope,
Deceiving grief to comfort. In the room
There was a deadly silence, save, when one,
The mother of the sufferer spoke her tears
In sobs of wild emotion, and laid down
Beside it, in her fondness, and look'd on
The dull unmeaning face of her young child,
With marble fixedness—while the large tear
Slow gathering, form'd upon her sunken cheek
Where hopes flush scarcely linger'd. It was well
She had no farther action in her grief
Else had her infant perish'd. She was mad—
Mad in the confirmation of her wo—
Yet most unhappy in her madness too.
Oblivion cast no veil upon her sense,
To shut out from her heart its loneliness,
And while she knew not aught, nor cared to know
And her words wanted the intelligence
Of weightier reason or reflections rule—
Her anguish was too deep for speech or show—
'Twas hidden in her heart and gather'd so
It choked her utterance, and left her dumb—
Speaking, when it was heard, in mutter'd sounds
Unsyllabled in language. She could not
Have render'd aid or nourishment to that,
For which she would have perish'd

There it lay,
Affections idol and disease's toy,
And many were the watchers by, that came
To shorten the long night—the weary hours
That pain must wake in, not again to sleep,
The infant was beloved—and I have seen
When she was yet in health—ere yet disease
Had robb'd the rose away that warm'd her cheek,
Young strangers press it as they pass'd her by
And parents grey with years have paused awhile
On their lone way, as she has brought to mind
The pledges, young and beautiful like her
Which they have lost, and sigh and ask her name
How could they else than call her bright and fair
With eyes of such pure light, and such long hair
Shading the morning freshness of her cheek
As leaves and branches do a summer brook,
That takes the feature of the bodiless sky,
When suns are fair in April—bright hair
Curling and dancing in her snowy neck,
In infantine luxuriance.

She had grown
Beneath my eye, and I had portioned out,
The tasks of her young labors; when I came
Weary with toil, and she would meet my form
And prattle o'er her lesson; and, as now,
She lay before me, to our anxious eyes
The victim of the pestilence—my heart

Summ'd up the vast of its expected loss—
For the first time, I shrunk in grief to know
How much my heart had cherish'd her. And now
That she was sick, how did I look in vain
For all the little playfulness, that grew,
(So slight the tenure still of happiness,)
To a familiar union with my want,
Which rest of, I was lonely—and, I pray'd,
That God might spare the little innocent,
To bless us with its laughter,—and he did.

Recollections.

Upon a night like this, fair maid, if memory
speaks me true,
Led by young Love, my footsteps stray'd beneath
this very yew;
The skies around were just as clear, the moon as
brightly shone,
Thine eye was light, thy cheek was fair—how
could I but be won!

No voice was heard to break the charm that Night
had thrown around,
And thou, with something of alarm, sat with me
on the ground;
How sweetly came the voice of night, in melan-
choly fall,
And with what melody of light, had Nature
'circled all!

I do remember it as well, as if 'twere yesterday;
The same rich scene and breezy spell, and ma-
gical display;
And thou, the idol of the scene, and it the tem-
ple's shrine,
No wonder men's affections lean, to worship
looks like thine.

I knelt, and poured my homage forth, with Na-
ture's eloquence,
Since all unconsciously thy worth, had ravish'd
every sense;
I know not what I look'd and spoke in that deli-
rium wild:
I only know that when I woke, thy eyes both
wept and smil'd.

Thy hand in mine, with trembling nerve, thy
look averted thence,
And swelling breast could only serve as pas-
sion's eloquence;
And then the thousand looks and tones, of pain-
ful, deep delight,
My bosom and each feeling owns, on every
moonlight night. FLORIO.

Lines.

My life is in the yellow leaf,
My hope is but a ray,
That leads me in the end to brief
And premature decay.

I would not live my life again,
And feel that all the past,
Though it were free of every pain,
Must still the future blast.

Could Hope her incense flame supply,
When Truth is found no more,
'Twould only bid me seek to die,
And gain the Lethean shore.

Forgetfulness!—Forgetfulness!

Oh! Lethe, where art thou!

My hope to quench, my heart to bless,
And soothe my burning brow.



GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Chronicles of Ashley River—No. 2.

A month, of thirty days, had now gone by, since the departure of Abigail Tchew, and the town abode in quietness during all that time; when at the morning, who should pay a visit to the good people of the place but the aforesaid Abigail, in the very boat which she had taken from Jim Hillman, the lighter, and which now Jim Hillman with some difficulty got restored. The Council took no note whatever of Mrs Abigail, but to the people she made known that she came to hear the news from England, there being, she said, a barque last night in the bay. But the people laughed outright, for Jim Hillman being the pilot and guide to the town, had seen no signal, and knew that no vessel was within twelve miles of the town that was not there before. So that when the day was out, and no vessel in sight, the old woman was very much disconcerted, and left the town in a sad quandary. She was rowed over by Ben Peters and Richard Moore, for Jim Hillman, having now got his favorite boat, 'the Columbus,' into his own hands once more, was very loth to get quit of her for nothing. But the next day, up came the old lady to the town again, declaring what she had seen to be true, for that she had seen a low rigged schooner stand off and on, at the break of day, in Indian Creek, hard by the very point. Therefore came she again to hear tidings of England. Whereupon Jim Hillman, seeing the people in the market place look as if they found cause of marvel in the account of Mistress Abigail, did take Pharoah, his negro man, being a tall fellow and a stout, and with his boat he pushed over to find the vessel that Mistress Abigail averred to have seen. But no vessel was to be found. Yet did there remain some signs that showed there was something in the matter, for at the very creek, called Indian Creek, he found the ashes of a large fire hardly cold, and a large iron knife. Looking farther, he found a small tree that stood some fifteen

or twenty feet from the Creek, chafed and stript of the bark, making a ring about the middle, as a rope had been passed tightly around it. But they were unable to say whether the mark be old or new. The fire was no doubt made up by the Indians to roast oysters, and the knife to open them. Thereupon, having made this statement, the matter was dismissed from men's minds, and Mistress Abigail was held as one troubled with an evil spirit. This person, however, seemed fully persuaded of the truth of her account, and accordingly went back to her habitation, much discontented.

Some time had passed after the departure of Mistress Abigail, when at the 'Old Lion' tavern, kept by Mistress Betty O'Connelly, an Irish lady in years, who held the house of James Moore, at the northwest corner of the Main-square leading to the market place. It being evening, there came to get liquor Redfoot, the Indian Chief, who thereupon got very much intoxicated, and threatened forthwith to slay, with his great knife, the aforesaid landlady, Mistress Betty O'Connelly. Whereupon, he was prevented in so doing, by one Rory McAllister, the drill sergeant of the militia, who came between, and prevented mischief. Now, Rory McAllister was altogether a proper man, and a stout; and thereupon it was maintained that the day was not far, when Mistress Betsey would be overpersuaded to let the 'Old Lion' have a new master. But let the time bring the time. Of this matter the Chronicle hath yet nought to say. Now, Redfoot, the Chief, albeit somewhat quieted by Sergeant McAllister, was nevertheless far from being inoffensive and harmless; for waxing more wild and inconsiderate as the liquor began to be more direct in effect upon him, he grew more and more abusive and troublesome in the end; thereupon Mistress O'Connelly did desire that the aforesaid Rory McAllister would stay abt, and maintain proper order and decorum, in her house, so long as the Indian Chief was thereabouts. Sergeant McAllister did thereupon mix him a noggin of a multifarious drink of sugar, and egg, and rum, and did draw to the doorway a small candle-box; then lighting his pipe, he seated himself accordingly, and did begin singing a rough sailor song of the time, which begun in the burden as follows:

'Come all ye gallant mariners,'

and so on—a very rude burden and song it was, of many ill-managed variations. Thereupon, hearing the Sergeant sing thus, Redfoot did sing too, in his own style, and in the manner of his nation, and these were some of the words thereof:

—Great is the Yemassee—

Strong at the bow, and matchless in the chase!
Fearless in danger, terrible in war!
Have you not seen him, like the rush of clouds,
Darken with battle, full of many storms!
When he goes forth, and scouts are on his camp,
Death goes before him, like the rush of winds
On the black waters, where the sun goes down;
And, as the brown leaves stricken by the cold,
The Westo, and the Estato, and Edisto,
And the white children of the morning moon
Flit to Manitto's mountain land of shades—
And wailings fill the women of the Tribe.—
Great is the Yemassee,' &c.

Thereupon, did Sergeant McAllister, very idly and foolishly, it is true, laugh outright; for said he, 'do you, impudent and ignorant barbarians as you are, pretend to compare your people with curs; you that are too drunk to lift your hand to your head,' &c. Now this was a sinful and a thoughtless speech, and harm had nearly come of it; for Redfoot did remember the words in his heart, and though he made, at the time, no answer, yet, as will be seen, the Sergeant had nearly paid dear for it; for when a certain time had elapsed, and even the matter had gone out of the Sergeant's recollection, the Indian aforesaid did aim a great stroke with his hatchet against the head of the Sergeant McAllister, and would most certainly have slain him, had not providence mercifully permitted the aforesaid Mistress O'Connelly to watch the designs of the savage, who, it seems was not altogether so drunk as people thought him, and she rushing up at the critical moment did disarm him of his weapon by inflicting upon the arm which was bearing the blow, a stroke with a heavy iron bar with which she was wont to secure the windows of her dwelling from the night-walkers, for at that time it was a notorious truth that when the inhabitants had all gone into their dwellings, and were no more forth by night, the Indians would enter by parties into the town, seeking to rob and devour. But as the people kept close, and were armed in their houses, they dreaded to make any outcry, and went off in peace and without injury.

Having been thus detected and shamed in his attack upon the unoffending Sergeant McAllister, the said Indian, Redfoot

was thrust out of the dwelling of the Mistress O'Connelly, and forbade to come there again. Nevertheless, he went out with much reluctance, and did seem stupid and unintelligent. The next chronicle will show of the foul murder of the Mistress Abigail Tchew, denoted in the first, and of the daring attack upon the abode of Mistress O'Connelly, being the 'Old Lion' tavern, by the Indians.

Rhetoric—Part 2nd.

We generally find that in the descriptions of the Supreme Being, which beautify the sacred writings, the manner of representing the object rises in proportion to its grandeur, and we observe conciseness and simplicity blended with strength, and with bold and animated figures.—Whether it was owing to the early ages of the world being peculiarly favorable to the fire of sublimity, or to the particular mode of construction of the sacred language, we will not at this time inquire: certain it is, that no productions, ancient or modern, offer so many instances of the sublime and majestic as the inspired writings. 'If,' says the celebrated Rousseau, 'the ode ranges in the sublime and the pathetic, those two great springs of poetry, no composition so justly deserves the name of odes, as David's Psalms; for where can any thing be found more divine, or in which inspiration is better felt? If the poetic enthusiasm ever warmed my bosom, it was at the time I composed my sacred odes, in imitation of the Psalms. What an abundance of images! What a variety of figures! What a sublimity of impressions!' We need not, then, wonder, if mankind admire those precious remains of antiquity in which are discovered same rays of the light and majesty, sparkling in the holy effusions of the royal psalmist, whether he treats that most sublime, and at the same time most abstract of all subjects, the Providence of God, or whether to praise him, he calls on the inferior beings moving on earth, in air, or water. The eighteenth psalm, where an appearance of the mighty is described, presents an assemblage of the most awful and sublime ideas.—On beholding the vast expanse of thought, we cannot help exclaiming, with hallowed enthusiasm,

'A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire
Who with bold rage and solemn pomp of sound
Inflames, exalts and ravishes the soul,

Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.'

The genius of Homer, from whom is computed the second era of poetry amongst the Greeks, is also distinguished by the union of sublimity, vigor, and a noble simplicity. Great, even when he declines, he was justly compared to the sun, either in his setting, grandeur, or when, in the majesty of a God, he 'shoots his burning arrows o'er the plain. In his *Illiad*, he seems, (to use the expression of his harmonious translator,) his own Jupiter, clothed in his supremest terrors, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens. An instance of the sublime in style, appears in the twentieth book of that wonderful production of human genius. While the tumult raged terrible, attesting the power of the gods, an awful magnificence adding to the fury of the fight—

'Deep in the dismal regions of the dead
The infernal Monarch rears his horrid head;
Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arm
should lay

His vast dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful e'en to gods!'

Milton's genius, like Homer's, excursive, is in like manner conspicuous for the sublimity of thought, and majestic force of description. The representation of Satan, after his fall, appearing at the head of his infernal hosts, 'darkened, but shining above them;' that of the angels tearing up and bearing in their hands mountains by their shaggy tops uplifted, are instances of the sublime language.—We need not dwell on the numerous passages pointed out by the judicious Addison, to the admiration of the literary world.

Judgment should direct the writer in regard to the propriety, while aiming at sublimity of style. He must beware of first attempting at elevation, but proceed in a moderate, easy, subdued and harmonious strain, promising but little to effect much, growing firm and vigorous by proper exertions, as he proceeds, and aspiring to higher, by gradual steps, until through his creative power, the destinies of nations may be unfolded, the glories of future times may burst upon the astonished mind, and the whole subject, whatever it be, may with a high, unqualified effulgence, rise gratefully upon and enchain the imagination; a gentle horror is felt along the nerves, and a pleasing fear glides over the senses.

— This doctrine of the wise,
Well knows the master of the flying steed;
First from the goal, the managed coursers play
On bended reins, as yet, the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells,
Till all the fiery mettie has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.'

But should a writer, deviating from this wise doctrine, promise wonders, whose feeble powers could not sustain the adventurous attempt, what will be the result? Horace has given the answer in a ludicrous verse that strongly marks with ridicule the ambition of him who has not a wing proportioned to the extent of his eye sight:—

'Parturient montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.'

How much more to the purpose, adds the ingenious satirist, 'he who meditates not to produce smoke from the flash, but out of smoke to elicit fire; that from thence he may bring forth his instances of the marvellous with striking beauty.'

It may not be improper, here, to glance at the peculiar characteristics of the style in poetry. It is often adorned by inversions which are cautiously admitted in prose, though they may be successfully employed, to impart energy and grace, and not unfrequently, clearness and perspicuity. It places the regimen before the governing word, disdains the active, and adopts the passive voice, contrary to the usual prosaic mode. It calls individuals by peculiar names, such as the 'son of Peleus,' the 'Shepherd of Sicily,' the 'Swan of Mantua,' the 'Songster of Achilles,' the 'Tenth Muse,' alluding to the all-hearted woman, Sappho. The year is, poetically, the 'great circle performed by the succession of months.'—Time is the 'moveable image of unmoveable eternity,' or an old man never stopt in his rapid flight, wielding the scythe of ceaseless destruction. Poetry gives a body to spiritual things, and life to inanimate creation. Minerva is prudence, Venus is beauty, the vapor that produces the thunder is Jove, armed to terrify the earth; a storm, with its impending horrors threatening the mariners, is Neptune in his wrath loudly speaking to the waves; Echo is no longer the replication of a sound, floating in the airy space, but a nymph in tears, complaining of Narcissus. Thus, Poetry imparts a charm to every object, and meets with flowers ever opened under its touch. The poet often seems to be moved by inspiration,

and as heaven's favorite, feeling its secret influence, ranges in a superior sphere, the creation of his own fancy. It is thus that through the mysterious scenery of Homer, styled the interpreter of the gods, sentiments are expressed to the eye, objects become sensible images, and, as if touched with a magical power, all seems embodied, to live, to speak, and to move.

The simple style admits only of natural graces; often 'when least adorned, adorned the most,' unattended with sonorous phrases, or rounded periods, it appears in its genuine charms of natural thought, and speaks the artless language of the understanding and the heart: a pleasing animation breathes through it; its aim is instruction, and it is usually applied to familiar conversation, to letters and fables; Though the pen of Julius Cæsar has proved that it may be made one of the greatest ornaments of the historic muse.

The temperate style holds a middle place between the sublime and the simple; bearing the characteristics of the latter, yet receiving every ornament and coloring of elocution from the former.—These three denominations may be combined in composition. The style must rise or fall with the subject. As in matter, particular links are joined by secret ties, so in style, should every thing be held in close compact, while the cord that binds it, is itself imperceptible. A proper regard should be had to transitions and connexions. The tints should be insensibly strengthened or weakened,—unless the imperious abruptness of the subject should effect a change in the manner of treating it, and in the *temperate* style this abruptness could never occur.

The style of Prose may be periodical or broken in all kinds of works. In the former, prepositions and sentences are connected by the sense itself, or by conjunctions; in the latter, all the parts are independent, and without reciprocal connexion. The periodical style, though less vivid and splendid than the former, has two advantages over it, that of being more harmonious, and of holding the mind in a state of continued suspense; drawing the attention, already pleasingly awakened and on the stretch, and by insensible impulses, following the orator through the period, thereby preserving the impression supposed to be made by the exordium. Both, however, may be

alternately used with proper distinction; for each has its particular method, form, and laws, in the form and dress which Taste and Judgment have defined as suitable to the subject, whether relating to Oratory, History, or to more familiar matters.

M P.

Eveline.—A Tale.

In sailing along the Ashley River the eye is almost imperceptibly caught by a narrow opening or nook, appearing as an avenue to some dwelling; curiosity will find its ample reward by tracing this aperture to its close. Environed by the majestic oak and almost hidden by the surrounding elm and sycamore, stands a small cottage, which from its lone and sequestered station, would seem to the passing eye the cell of some misanthrope, or the retreat of a hermit. Nature may have thus designed her work, but chance led to this spot beings of a different stamp. For many years this humble cottage had been tenanted by the venerable patriot, Col. —, distinguished in his country's troubles by all the wisdom of a Washington, the magnanimity of a La Fayette, the patriotism of Green, or the bravery of Warren, he lived to mourn over the graves of many of these heroes, and to weep the loss of a tender wife and lovely family. Heart-broken and disconsolate, he left the gaiety of the world, resolved to pass the remainder of his life in services to his God, he retired with a few domestics whose long tried fidelity, rendered them worthy the consideration of a kind indulgent master. Five years had this good and pious man dwelt in this seclusion, when his approaching infirmities assured him of a speedy dissolution. From an extensive and numerous descent, there now remained but one of this honored race, a daughter of his late and much lamented Alfred. Eveline Godman, at this period, had just turned her seventeenth year, she was of that description of beings which poets and lovers call perfection, yet age and wisdom was glowingly alive to the many virtues which formed the character of this lovely girl. At the tender age of fifteen her young heart was doomed to sustain the loss of a devoted, amiable mother, and her tears were scarce dry, over the tomb of an exemplary, and happy father.

Devoting their life to the welfare of this only child, the parents of Eveline instilled into her bosom the refined and

delicate sensibility of the one, with the noble and magnanimous disposition of the other: at their death they bequeathed her no fortune, yet was she rich above the gaudy shew of wealth. She was abundantly rich in virtue and excellence. Bereft of a home, Eveline sought shelter in one of those respectable boarding houses, with which a city abounds, yet was she hapless and dissatisfied, her modesty shrunk from the unprotected situation in which she was placed, and her delicate nature felt sensibly the dependence in which she was thrown upon the world. Young, beautiful and captivating, she was proof against any assault upon her heart, for previous to her father's death she had given her hand and her affections to Henry Walston, a young Englishman, who had been called to his native soil on the death of a wealthy father. Many, many months had rolled by since his departure, and the sad girl had received no intelligence of her lover, her heart began to feel all the anxiety and torture of her forlorn condition, when she received a summons from her aged grandfather, to attend and enjoy his last benediction. Well acquainted with the benevolence of this pious man, his lovely offspring rejoiced at a prospect of their union, Eveline flew with alacrity to the bed-side of her venerable parent, she felt that she could there weep undisturbed and mingle her griefs in a sympathetic heart. She was almost sinking with the weight of her misfortunes, her whole soul was filled with the image of the first and powerful passion. The brilliant glow of her cheek was gone, the bright though hurried glance of her eye, was fading, yet did she support herself through all her trials: religion had spread its soft influence over her soul, and the wondrous works of nature and of nature's God, invited her now to different reflections: she felt a solemn, yet a delightful pleasure in ministering to the feeble invalid, and by her tender care and kind caresses restored her aged friend to more vigor than his infirmities seemed capable of receiving. Every kind and gratifying attention did this fair girl bestow, yet, often would she steal from his sleeping couch, to pour out the sorrows of her devoted bosom in secret. Instructed by the example of her virtuous parents, Eveline viewed with horror the idea of abandoning the memory of her first lover; and cruel memory, still more powerful than

example, ruled with so arbitrary a sway, that the patient sufferer, felt herself a victim to her deep rooted passion. She did not doubt the faith of Henry Walston, her innocence left her no room for such conjectures, yet keenly alive to the danger of the sea, she fancied him both in the tempestuous wave or wrecked by unerring fate on some deserted shore. Her tender bosom almost burst with grief when fancy pictured such a view, but like her noble self, she trusted to an almighty power, and clung to hope, as the young enthusiast clings to the last ray of light. There is a lustre, a feeling in woman's heart, which none but women know, which, when once touched, throbs unceasingly, and never stops until life's last fire is quenched. This is the power of love, that flame which burns so bright in virtue's seat. Eveline, a full partaker of her sex's constancy could not long retain the secret of her love, the eye of affection which beamed so unremittingly on her, the absorbing love of her parent, drew from her the cause of her dejection, and while sympathizing with the sweet girl, he forgot his own sorrows, and almost weaned her from her own: she thought of Henry, yet she mingled happiness with her reflections, she listened to and rejoiced at the probability of her grandfather's surmises that his communications had miscarried; she now believed he would return, and the roses soon were seen to rival the lily on her cheek; her delicate form assumed its full perfection, and she moved along the grove, breathing comfort to the passing gale. Already had she formed bowers of love, entwined the roses of spring as they blossomed and engraved the name of Henry on many a graceful bough. The kind hand of nature mingled its luxuriance, and Edon cottage assumed the look of an earthly paradise. Colonel Godman had so far recovered that he had promised his fair partner to view her usual beauties. On a bright sunshine morning she led him forth and retraced every spot her hand had cultivated; on entering the remote corner of her garden, where stood her retreat, she left her weary friend seated on a step at some distance, to seek in her bower, some compositions of her youthful fancy. Lightly she flew over the grassy mound, and bounding along paths of flowers, herself the loveliest of creation, she entered the bower unseen, unheard.

On one knee, with hands uplifted and his face entirely hid by a rich profusion of auburn locks, gazing rapturously at a full picture of herself, Eveline beheld a stranger; a murmur of surprise burst through her beautiful lips, the youth startled, rose and she recovered in the arms of Henry Walston. The rapturous delight with which they gazed at each other, (for his princely attire did well become a form and mind as graceful as commanding,) almost seemed to doubt their belief of each others existence, but recovering from their transport, these devoted hearts formed new happiness in the relation of each others constancy. Henry claimed the timid blushing girl from the hand of her only surviving parent, and though endowed with wealth and affluence they enjoyed a life of happiness in the little cottage of Edon.

ROSA.

National Pride.

Zimmerman, in his essay upon 'National Pride,' quotes the following extract from the writings of a distinguished modern German, in which, the want of that necessary property, is well commented upon. Our readers will understand the difference between Pride and Vanity. The former consisting in a proper estimate of one's own value; the latter, in the low estimate we put upon the value of others. The one is in nine cases out of ten, an admirable check upon the dangerous progress and influence of the other, since to understand ourselves properly, is only to learn, how trifling and inconsiderable are our present possessions, and necessarily to incite to their improvement. But, while modesty is taught by this means, and we are thus kept from over-rating ourselves, we are also directed by the same impulse which teaches us humility, to value properly those qualities which are really estimable in our character, and especially to prize and improve them. The following is the extract alluded to. We give it because we think some of its passages cannot fail to strike every *American* reader; lest, however, this should not be the result of a first perusal, we have put in *Italics* such portions as we think particularly deserving of regard.

'In Europe (In America?) there exists a great nation, distinguished by laboriousness and industry, possessing men of

inventive faculties and of great genius, in as great a number as any other, little addicted to luxury, and the most valiant among the brave. This nation, nevertheless, hates and despises itself; *purchases, praises, and imitates only what is foreign; it imagines that no dress can be elegant, no food or wine delicious, or even palatable, no dwelling commodious, unless stuff, tailor, clothes, cook, wine, furniture, and architect, come to it at an excessive expense, from abroad; and what adds a zest to all, from a country inhabited by its natural enemies.* This singular nation exalts and praises solely and above measure, the genius and the wit of foreigners, the paintings of foreigners; and especially, with regard to literature, foreign books written in the most miserable style, are solely purchased, read, and admired by these infatuated people, who know little even of their own history, save from the faulty, unfaithful and malicious relations of foreign authors.'

We read this passage over and over again, and could scarcely persuade ourselves, that it was not written for this country, and not intended for Germany. If ever description was just, in its every particular, this certainly is. When our sentiments on Literary matters are formed upon the opinions of a foreign people, who first drove us into a wilderness, then sought us out to destroy us, we certainly may be said to look to our *natural enemies*, as in the passage above quoted, the Germans are now said to do, for the sanction of that authority, which we disputed and overthrew in arms, but dared not contend with, in letters and the arts.

Perversion of Man's Powers.

The triumphs of intellect, the conquests of physical force, are so easy when achieved by the hidden powers of the mind, that the least intelligence must discover some faint resemblance between the rational soul of man, and infinite wisdom. To what extent have not the resources of intellect carried our species in their extraordinary researches? In what age, or in what civilized region, may we not trace immense strides in human invention and improvement? At one period almost the destinies of fate are stemmed in their vast torrent of destruction, by human skill and human ingenuity; at another we are surprised and alarmed at the evidences of a mechanical power, which resulting from the resources of the

mind alone, would even shake the very centre of the earth. Natural impediments which astonish us by their magnitude, and delight us by their grandeur, are passed and overcome with amazing facility, *solely* by the plans and operations of intellectual man. Is it then strange or extravagant to believe that he is formed after the image of his maker? Is it marvellous to suppose that he has the exclusive power to reason and discriminate, to distinguish and contrast, to calculate the immediate and distant relations of things; to observe the sensible operations of cause and effect, and almost to anticipate the remote consequence of all that is within his power to comprehend? and as these attributes place him so far above all other creatures, is it matter of wonder that he should be likened to the great first cause? to the author of his existence, the God of all mankind?

Yet strong and remarkable as is this resemblance, it increases tenfold when we discover many of the attributes of Heaven in the human breast: see how the charities of our nature draw us nigh unto God! how far above the general order of creation are those beings who lend their aid to heal the wounds of their fellow creatures and check the cries of the poor! In what bold relief stands the virtuous man? how infinitely superior to the great majority of mankind? If the instance be rare, it is the more valuable on that account; if it be short lived, it is because there is something not congenial with its nature in a vicious atmosphere; it cannot well exist but in the abodes of the blessed.

But if to true virtue be added true wisdom, how much more grand and august is the moral spectacle it exhibits? Would such an example lead any to doubt that man was made in the image of God? and if it be true that he is so made, what a glorious incentive does it afford him to seek virtue and knowledge, to rid himself of those low and grovelling considerations, which too often render him wholly unfit for the splendid comparison.

But it was said he should have full dominion over all other creatures; and true it is, we must pause in silent regret; here it is, we fear, that his practice shows how far he is inferior to his great prototype; with us, how few are the evidences of pure disinterestedness; how seldom will we concur in the noble sentiment.

'The rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance.' Yet, with God innumerable instances crowd upon us; though offended by impiety, idolatry, and the grossest violations, we find him full of forbearance and full of mercy, covering under his wings, the tottering, trembling, helpless victims of his wrath. It were well for man if he exercised dominion only over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air. But is this so? look to enslaved man, to persecuted Israel, to debarred and degraded Ireland; look to the torch which blazed upon the altars of superstition and answer the question! look to a vile traffic in human flesh, which for years disgraced two whole continents, and answer the question!

An answer too may be readily found in the secret desires of man's heart; unfortunately for the species, in some respects we are all tyrants; we close our ears to reason, if interest, that powerful stimulant, steps between us and justice, we claim always to be right, if to be wrong, will lead us into any sacrifice whatever. Where he should have most dominion, poor helpless mortal, he had least; over himself he had none. While he would with untiring zeal, and increasing perseverance crush if he can, the fairest hopes and the fondest wishes of his fellow creatures, we find him almost, as it were, entirely lost to his own glaring and palpable imperfections.

How melancholy is the result of these reflections; we find a being of extraordinary and almost unlimited powers; a being actually modelled after the divine image; endued with attributes which place him at an interminable distance from all other traces of creation; now mounting into the highest seats of science and of art, then exploring the worlds above and the world below; measuring the very confines of Heaven and Earth; calling into life and beauty the most hidden and darkest regions of the globe; and extending even into the rude and unthatched cabin of the savage, the holy and inspired conceptions of the Deity.

Yet with few exceptions, what is man? how has he perverted his intellects? how has he fallen from his high estate? Because a great and merciful providence has given him the means of 'instructing the Planets,' the glorious work of superior hands, yet does he presume to pause, to hesitate, nay, even to doubt; he who

cannot explain his own existence, or extend the limit of his days one instant beyond the allotted period which fate has sealed upon them, vainly, rashly, and presumptuously turns from him the very evidences of his senses, and says in his heart 'there is no God!' shuts his eyes to the whole face of creation, and permits his vanity to mount over all the grandeur and simplicity of nature. M.

My Umbrella.

A Leaf from my Travels.*

Set off from home, after breakfast, at eight A M, on the 18th inst. Sun hazy, clouds gathering, every indication of water—never liked water in all my life—went back for my umbrella; bought a very fine one in King-street on Monday last, after hearing our parson discourse very learnedly upon the policy of putting up something for long rainy days; could not think of any thing but an umbrella for such an occasion, so bought one from Fenn, Townsend and Hull. Mem.—find it beneficial in long sunny days too.

Half-past eight o'clock. At my door post. 'Yet going forward in the world, I see,' says neighbor Inquisitive. 'Ay, ay,' said I, and went in again; do hate impertinence. Sent servant girl to the door to see if he had gone by; cursed rascal, hails servant girl with 'Tell master, want to and must see him.' What's to be done? Had an argument with myself whether I should go out to him, or require him to come in to me; decided upon the latter; if there's labor in a thing, let the meddlesome take it. In he comes, with his usual sly, insinuating manner. 'Fine day.' 'Don't think so,' said I; 'too hot by half.' 'Agree with you,' said he; 'the weather is quite suffocating.' 'Don't find it so at all,' said I; 'now I come to think of it, it is quite a breezy and comfortable day.' 'Yes,' said he again; 'there is a fine breath stirring, and out of your window the atmosphere looks fresh and pleasant like: we have not seen a more promising day this season.'—'What a ——,' thought I: 'call such a day as this fine!' 'But now for business,' said my friend. 'Aye, now for business,' said I, and turned my chair full front upon my ——, kicked the stool from before me, smoothed the left wing of my ruffled front, and ordered in my sentinels of thought, the alarm having already been given sufficiently to the ci-

tadel. He began, after some preliminary hems and coughs, in his usual sneaking and introductory manner. 'Prav, neighbour, if it be not impertinent——' 'Not at all, my dear sir.' (chuckled—thought of a coming fee—money is the only kind of insult that a man may pocket without dishonor.) 'If it be not impertinent, my dear sir, I would beg leave to offer——' 'Go on, my dear sir,' said I. (The next words, reader, a hundred to one, will be 'a trifling recompense,' &c. &c.) 'leave to offer—times being hard, you know——' 'Suit yourself, my dear sir, in that matter,' said I. 'Well, then,' said he, 'since you are so kind, and put aside all restraint, permit me to offer, times being hard—— (How delicately he does it?) and money scarce, a little advice——' (Humph! what next?) touching your umbrella, (D—n your impudence!) by which ease, necessity, and cheapness will be alike admirably consulted.' 'O, certainly sir!' 'The size of this umbrella——' (a nice eye for measurement: his father should have made him a surveyor,) 'is too great for a climate like ours.' (His father should have made him a thermometer!) 'It would require an arm like Samson's to carry it.' (his father should have made him a Samson!) 'It is quite unnecessary for the sun in Charleston; a smaller one would have answered every purpose.' (His father should have given him a double shadow.) 'It is too thin for the rain' (he should have been made a sail-maker) 'the dye will run over the first shower,' (very active dye) 'and stain all your clothes.' (He should have been made a dyer.) 'If you will allow me, therefore—this cost five dollars, (exactly—he should have been a fortune-teller) I will get it exchanged for one smaller, lighter, better, thicker, neater, clearer, and superior in every part. [how kind!] I have a friend who does all that kind of thing for me, and will be very happy to serve my friends. But I detain you; I will do so no longer; look for a new umbrella in place of this. Good morning.'

I have not seen him from that day to this. He detained me no longer, but detained my umbrella. The dog had not been gone ten minutes before the rain came on, and poured, as every body knows, at that time for one week successively. Mem. Put up nothing for rainy days. C.

Battle of Fort Moultrie.

I have just seen White's Painting of the Battle of Fort Moultrie. It is before me now. I am no connoisseur in such matters; have never studied the art of being critical and nice; but know what pleases, and will not shrink from uttering my opinion, though it be at the expense of my judgment. I do not know, and probably could scarcely ascertain, what exactly gives me pleasure in this performance. In fact, I could not determine what satisfies my taste in any exhibition of this nature. I could no more tell you that such a head is perfect, or such features, together with the conception and execution in *keeping*, than I could fly; and yet I am satisfied of the merit of this painting, solely from the effect it had upon my senses, and still holds upon my memory. So strong was the impression, that I took advantage of the first pleasant summer afternoon to revisit the scene which furnished the design of the picture. I stepped upon the deck of the steamboat, amidst a motly crew of *negligees* and *elegantes*, invalids and infants. Some were seeking for fresh air, some for health, some pleasure, and not a few for Point-House Punch and Billiards. Though differing thus in object, all seemed perfectly to agree in the desire of leaving the city; and a general smile of good nature was spread upon all faces, as the last bell rung, and the boat left the wharf. At the moment of our departure, a similar movement was made by the rival boat at the second wharf below us, and we both started evenly together. The interest excited by the contest of speed; the fresh breeze that wound about us, as we met the stream, together with the picturesque appearance of several packets, on the same errand, gave to the scene a charm that for awhile relieved the invalid, and excited the *elegante* and indolent into something very like an emotion of pleasure. We rapidly passed the vessels moored in the stream, Castle Pinckney, with its brick walls, shelvy beach, and dismounted cannon; and were in a few minutes at the cove, without finding our voyage of six miles and better, either very long or very tedious.

I strolled up to the house at the very point of the island, from thence designated the Point-House, and, 'as was my custom of an afternoon,' I called for my 'pint o' purl,' which, together with a

fine green cabanna, I discussed with some relish and satisfaction. The house was now filled with the live cargo of the two steamers; and as I detest a squeeze of any kind, where more than two are concerned,

I shook
From out my pocket's avaricious nook,
Some certain coins of silver'

with which, 'thanks to the immortal bard from whom I quote,' for helping me thus far, I 'paid my shot,' and proceeded at once upon my pilgrimage.

It may be advisable, though not altogether necessary, to inform my reader that the modern is by no means the ancient Fort Moultrie; that the old palmetto's, formerly the native and only growth of Sullivan's Island, have been almost entirely taken away, to make room for summer villas, and fashionable shed-rooms and gardens; that, of the material composing the old redoubt, nothing remains but some huge blocks of brick, in detached masses, which, thrown upon the beach, daily lose something of their dimensions with the retiring ocean. The modern battlements are composed entirely of brick, and present a very imposing and somewhat martial appearance, in spite of the skeleton garrison which occupies it—barely adequate to a salute on one of our national holidays. There is little more about them at present to strike the eye, or interest the spectator; and, but for the ever glorious association which they must ever maintain, in common with the many altar-places of liberty in our country, they might forever remain untrodden and unremembered by me.—But the '*Præteritorum memoria eventorum*' enveloped me: and, under the sacred influence, I sat down upon one of the old twenty-four's, and submitted to the all-absorbing fancies that grew upon the situation. Here I remained for some time, looking from the sea to the sky, where the rich and mellow hues of an evening Southern sun, were spread out like the almost living garments of heavenly looms. Below me on the beach, strolled the crowds, late my fellow passengers, who were endeavoring to mete out the time, before the warning bell of the boat, as idly and as pleasantly as possible. Gradually, however, as the light began to grow more delicate and faint, and therefore more beautiful in the west, and as the airs of evening came more freshly and soothingly from the waters, they be-

came less dense, and finally, but here and there a straggling wayfarer could be seen, darkening with the shadow of a giant the white and tapering beach that extended all around me. These occasional stragglers also disappeared at last, and left me to the satisfaction of my own musings.—The scene, of which I seemed to be the sole partaker, was certainly of that character, which, if suffered to continue its influence, will never fail to win the heart and all its thoughts to a refined and touching melancholy. The eternal, low and monotonous rolling of the waters—the soothing and mysterious breeze of evening, and the graduated lights and shadows of the clouds, together with the high and romantic associations of the *Genius Loci*, all conspired to infuse into my mind, naturally disposed too much to wandering, a dreamy kind of insensibility, that wrought upon me a total forgetfulness of time, place and circumstance, and lifted me into those regions of romance, so ludicrous to the matter-of-fact animal, and so inspiring to the unconscious actor of the scene.

The scene gradually changed before my view; so gradually, indeed, that until the transition was complete in all its parts, remained perfectly unconscious of it.—Strange lights were before me—strange faces—and noises and sounds to which I was entirely unaccustomed. The fort itself was changed. In place of the level plat of grass surmounting the brick work of the battlements, on which I had lain myself an hour before, I now found myself seated beside the huge body of a rugged eighteen-pounder, resting in its turn on a platform of logs and sand.—Every thing presented the appearance of such an enclosure as we would expect erected in the backwoods, for protection from the Indians. All was heavy and unscientific. The great body of the fort was composed of palmetto trees, roughly hewn and dove-tailed into one another, in squares of eighteen feet, the spaces between being filled up with sand. The flag itself was foreign. It was not the star-spangled banner, nor the red flannel stripes, nor our owlish-looking eagle, but a Turkish banner of blue, with a white linen crescent upon it, lacking, however, in the horse-tail. The hacknied word ‘*Liberty*’ was centrally seated upon it, and to complete the *outré* appearance of this ensign, it was hung loosely upon the

sponge staff of a twenty-four pounder.—The interior of the fort presented a view fully as picturesque. Forming a triangle, three tall palmetto trees waved their umbrella tops above four regular rows of white tents, from which issued in bodies large numbers of militia men, in various dresses. Some had racoon caps, evidently of a domestic make. Then came numbers with glazed caps, with that same outlandish word, ‘*Liberty*,’ in huge yellow letters upon them. In one group, appeared several decently appareled officers, gazing intently through a telescope, upon some object, which, as I had not the same privilege, I could not at that time see. A large and rather strange-looking drum was making a wild tarrara, under the inspiring accompaniment of a somewhat attenuated fife, which appeared to exhaust all its blower’s breath in acquiring its own. Under all these ill-favored auspices, freedom commenced her devotions. As yet, I could not, however, exactly realize the nature of my situation, or of the objects around me. I knew none of the many faces that were about me: I could comprehend none of the duties of the scene, though unwittingly I had engaged, in common with others, in its employments—and while I felt perfectly at home on the side I had adopted, I knew so little of the matter, or of the men I was connected with in so strange a manner, that I involuntarily likened myself to that soldier (I forget his name) of whom I have somewhere read, who, not knowing his own men, frequently changed sides during the bustle of an engagement, and was not unfrequently returned as *missing* on one side and *found* on the other. So much for involuntary desertion. But my principles soon became fixed; I had no such chance afforded me, and no further time for speculation. An increased chastisement of the drum, and a greater distention of the jaws of the flute-player, led me to anticipate some catastrophe to the scene. I followed the crowd, and perched upon the pommel (I don’t know what else to call it,) of a gun, I beheld the gradual advance of a large, and seemingly a well-appointed armament, in order of battle. All at once, and for the first time, I now recognized my old friend of the Second South Carolina Regiment of Infantry, Col. William Moultrie, then in command; but he was too far to speak to, and the

beaten drum kept up such loud complaints, to the utter amusement of the squeaking fife, that it would have been impossible for him to have heard me if I had. How beautifully did they spread themselves along before us, each

'Walking the waters like a thing of life,'

and delight, and awe, and animation, struggled confusedly for mastery in my bosom. I felt the inspiration of battle; I looked around upon the faces of those about me, and fancied that even in the officers, I beheld, swelling through the calmness of their responsibility, the enthusiasm arising from the scene; and yet I dreaded, and almost shrunk from the trial, while I longed for, and would have advanced to meet it.

'Les extremités se touchent.'

The extremities did meet, and let philosophers determine the cause, I, at least, was perfectly conscious of the effect.—The alarms were continued and increased; another drum and fife was called into service, and the Colonel commanding threw off in a moment the apathy that hitherto seemed the prominent characteristic of his face. All was bustle and confusion—anticipation grew large and more important at the approach of reality, as night assumes a blacker and darker countenance on the approach of daylight. The magazine was thrown open, and put in readiness, under guards to each gun; I was marshalled among others, around the rude embrasure through which we thrust the muzzle of an English eighteen, not doubting but that like ourselves, it would do its duty against its former owners. Every thing should show its gratitude in the best possible way, and the gun showed not the slightest symptom of reluctance, on being pressed into the service. There we stood, waiting the awful moment. Men seldom grow impatient for the approach of danger, and yet I feel assured that there were but few, if any, among us, who, though conscious that the time was big with events of moment, and trials, for which we certainly were unprepared, felt a reluctance to engaging actively in it, or felt any fears of the result, so far as it could depend upon the honest firmness of humanity, or the determination of freemen, warmed with the conviction, that they were only doing their duty. Gradually did the opposing fleet advance in a beautiful line, with all sail spread, to the conflict. They were

vessels of the largest class. First, came the 'Active,' of twenty-eight guns; I thought she was never going to stop; and was satisfied that she was perfectly near enough for both parties; her commander was certainly not of this opinion, for she continued to advance, till within four hundred yards of the fort, when she anchored with springs on her cables, and gave us an immediate broadside, which passed clean over us, much to our satisfaction. Following the same course, came the Bristol, flag-ship, of fifty guns, under the command of Sir Peter Parker; then the 'Experiment,' likewise of fifty guns, the 'Solebay,' of twenty-eight guns, ranging in the same manner with the 'Active,' leaving intervals between, which were filled, in the rear, by the 'Syren' and 'Acteon,' of twenty-eight, the 'Sphinx,' of twenty, and 'Friendship,' of twenty-six guns, together with the 'Thunder-Bomb'—a formidable armament, to be sure; and we, who had never been in an engagement, and had the highest possible opinion of a British fleet and British valor, beheld its approach with some strange misgivings. But involuntarily bent my eyes to where the city lay stretched out, like a long black cloud, in the west. I saw the crowd of my fellow-citizens—men, women and children—upon the wharves, anxiously awaiting the approaching struggle.—When optical penetration failed me, imagination, ever obedient to the dictates of the excited senses, assumed a bewildering sway, and I fancied I could see the emotions of the heart in visible array upon their faces. The hope, the fear, and the worst agony of all, the dreadful suspense which gave to these antagonistic elements the full sway of the human heart, for the waging of their indiscriminate warfare, fully evinced the interest which every spectator maintained in the scene, though not actively engaged upon it.—How long they were to remain thus inactive was problematical, but according with the best received opinions of British prowess, the overture of our palmetto structure was considered only preparatory to the mightier issue of the main. The war of these several emotions of hope, fear and suspense, we could not behold; but there are in the human breast implanted certain sympathies, by which, I am perfectly satisfied, corresponding affections and antipathies are made known,

felt and understood, where the voice and the animal man have no agency whatever.

On came the British fleet, and arranged itself before our *speck* of opposition, with all the calmness that might be expected to arise from a consciousness of certain victory. In a beautiful curve, in the forming of which they seemed desirous of observing with a view to demonstration, the line of beauty, rather dogmatically laid down by Blair, I admired, while I dreaded them. On they came, bent for conquest. The eagle had not, (to be rather figurative,) yet spread her wings among the stars, and the banner of Carolina, in her first field, as I have somewhere said before, was a simple stripe of blue cloth, bearing a silver crescent. It was venerable, even then; seemingly the *heir-loom* of the province, when under the *proprietary* form of government. It was reared upon the merlon, some eighteen feet from the embrasure at which I was stationed, and I remember, even to this day, the emotion of enthusiasm which possessed me, as it was hung out in defiance, on the approach of the enemy.

They seemed never for a moment to have recollected, that he who invades the sanctuary of a man's threshold, should always be prepared to remain there, for there are but few men, (and, to carry our comparison higher, nations,) who will permit the invader to take himself away, if any thing can be done to prevent it. They forgot that men were fighting for their homes, and that all the affections, in the sweet guises of parent, wife and child, were to be witnesses of that devotion, which was now, for the first time, to prove themselves worthy of such endearing relations.

At this moment, my attention was directed to one of my comrades, named M'Daniel, by a tap upon the shoulder. As I turned at the salutation, I was struck with the singular association of different feelings expressed upon a face not yet marked with the lines of manhood. He was remarkably boyish in appearance, and possessed of a full, rosy cheek, not very common in a southerner. A broad-chested, manly, and even athletic frame, marked him as having attained an age not according with the youthful, and even boyish face which now met mine. There was a degree of sadness in

the slight tremor of his voice, and dewy suffusion of his eye, which prevailed above the studied ease and gaiety of his address, and was quite at variance with the dull smile which played grotesquely upon his mouth. He called me by name, a privilege which the reader does not possess: his object with me was to make one of those contracts not unfrequently made by soldiers on the eve of an engagement, where a melancholy presentiment finds its way into the bosom, and compels them to a testament of the most melancholy character. In the trade of blood, these incidents are always coupled with the most pathetic accompaniments, and the mind experiences more genuine sympathy with the individual circumstances of one life, than with the detail, in military order and precision of the slaughter of ten thousand. 'I may fall,' said he; 'in fact, something seems to tell me I shall. As I left the tent, the crystal of my watch fell out, and broke—an old watch and crystal, worn by my father.—You smile, and have cause, at the seeming absurdity of my thoughts, but I cannot divest myself of the presentiment that hangs upon me, associating my life with the simple circumstance I have just now told you; but if I fall, you will do for me what I hope I may not have to do for you—give my farewell to my poor mother, and carry her this little bag, in which you will find three pounds and seven shillings, together with my breast-pin; my pay, which I received this morning, is tied in the corner of my handkerchief—tell her to see me decently buried, by my brother, in town; I would not like to be thrust into these sand hills, to be burrowed after by birds, or blown bare by tempests.' He held out his little treasure as he spoke, and the tear gathered involuntarily in his eye. I put back the deposite, and assured him that our chance of life and death were equal, and that the object would be, therefore, as likely to be lost in my charge as his own. He looked at me reproachfully: 'Will you not serve me in this?' he continued. My reply was immediate—'I will serve you, M'Daniel, but pardon me if I laugh at your anticipations. I will take your purse, and if your fears are realized, and I survive, I will execute to the best of my ability, your will. For fear, however, that we both fall, I will place it beneath this stone, and let Captain Ashby know

of it; with three of us, there may be some chance.' This satisfied my comrade; our colloquy was broken off by a general signal of battle on board the English fleet, and an instant and incessant cannonade commenced, at every broadside of which our bulwarks trembled to their foundation. M'Daniel and myself stood opposite each other at the same gun. I observed his countenance attentively.—The heat of action, the enthusiasm, and I may call it, the madness of battle had removed every trace of gloom from his features. The settled determination of true courage was there to be seen, in the contracted brow, compressed lip, and distended nostril. His eyes met mine: there was nothing of sadness in them; despondency was gone, and a faint suffusion, that might have been considered a blush at what he himself designated his folly, overspread his cheek.

At this time, we were visited by an officer whose name I did not know. 'Your discharges are too frequent Captain Ashby,' said he, 'we cannot spare the powder; measure your time, sir, or we shall be out of ammunition.' He left us, we regulated the piece by turns: it was M'Daniel's turn to perform this office; he bent himself over the gun; varied its range slightly and as he drew his form to its height, the whole fort reeled beneath a general broadside from the four vessels first in the attack, our gun rushed back from the embrasure, and threw me with two others upon the platform some feet below us. A sudden cry of dismay shot along the line. 'The flag is shot away.' I bent my eyes upon the merlon, it was gone; I felt I know not how; the shouts of the British which we could distinctly hear, excited our rage. Our stock of powder had been so limited that a longer pause than usual had been made in our cannonade, increased by the general alarm on the loss of our banner. On a sudden, however, the flag was again upon the merlon and a slight dark form almost totally enveloped in smoke, and under a hot fire from the enemy was seen binding it upon the staff with a handkerchief. It was Jasper, sergeant Jasper. I knew him by the red handkerchief which he had torn from his neck and upon wearing which, he had been jested with an hour before. 'Huzza! Huzza!' was the spontaneous cry; a faint voice by my side repeated it, after the general shout had

passed. I shuddered and turned; there lay M'Daniel before me upon the bodies of two other men. Part of his stomach had been shot away, and his entrails were literally hanging from the wound. 'Huzza!' exclaimed the dying man, 'Huzza!' and fixing his glazing eyes appealingly upon me said, 'Huzza! I am dying, but don't let the cause of liberty die with me.' I heard it; it ran through my veins with the vigor and penetration of electricity. I maddened and grew infuriate; I shouted it aloud, and in a moment it rung terrifically over the tottering battlements; every voice repeated it, every eye spoke fury and revenge, every gun was discharged on the instant, with the most dreadful effect. The Commodore's vessel was almost lifted from the water, her stays were shot away and she swung round with her bowsprit directly upon the guns of the fort. A voice went up from the line, no one knew whence it came, yet all heard it. 'Look to the Commodore my boys; remember M'Daniel.' Every gun that could bear upon the fated Commodore was made to tell, and three successive broadsides were driven through and through her before she could be righted. A supply of powder from town increasing the frequency of our fire, she was raked fore and aft. Her quarter deck was cleared of every officer but Sir Peter Parker himself, and he fell severely wounded. She was bored between wind and water, and the blood ran smoking in large streams from her scuppers. What a moment of triumph. What a moment of revenge. Need I say we conquered. That they sunk before us as the prairie before the fire. The God of Battle was on our side, and the sling of the shepherd had overthrown the gladiator of war!

'They have fled, they are gone,' I shouted triumphantly. 'Ay, ay, sir, both the 'Charleston and Macon,' have gone three hours ago, and you'll not find a packet now on any terms,' said a tall raw-boned Irishman, dressed in the U S uniform to me, as I looked out upon the broad sheet of water, on which the moon had spread a thin and beautiful garment of fretted silver. 'Sir,' said I. 'Ay sir, you will have to sleep on the Island to night, though?' faith your nap has been so long, that you wont want much sleep any where; both the boats and all the packets have started three hours ago for town. You seemed to enjoy your sleep

so well that I could not find it in my heart to wake you, as I supposed you might have come down on purpose to take a nap.' I now comprehended my situation and felt so pleased with life, that I was inly highly delighted to find myself still a young man and not a Revolutionary Soldier.

Greatness.

Speaking of Prince Eugene, Lady Montague, in a letter from Vienna dated, June 16, O S, 1817, says:—

'Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the Court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. *I don't know what comfort people find in considering the weakness of great men,* (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level,) but 'tis always a mortification to me, to observe, that there is no perfection in humanity!'

This fine sentiment is equally honorable to the understanding and heart of the fair and celebrated writer. To a high and virtuous mind, the contemplation of the failings of those whom we have hitherto beheld only as 'marks and columns in the wilderness,' cannot be productive of any other sensation than sorrow and regret. It is but seldom, indeed, that we can venture to expose greatness to a very minute inspection. The light must not be too strong in which we view it, or we shall be more apt to discover the spots and not the fine and delicate tints and underlines between them. It is always, however, the quality of the inferior mind, to look for those little defects which we should regard rather as the characteristics of a species, than as a peculiar and individual property. We have before considered this subject at length, in No 4, of our first series, and shall not intrude with our remarks longer upon the reader.

Duelling.

Does it ever occur to such of our young men, as may want an excuse for refusing to accept a challenge, and only fight at last from a mistaken notion, that public opinion will consider them in a degraded point of view, should they not; that there is no more cowardice in refusing to trust one's life within the reach of a pistol ball, than under the heels of a horse while he

is kicking. Death is an enemy, that there is no contending with. We can oppose neither foresight, wisdom, strength nor skill to his advances; and there is no more cowardice in dreading his approach, than in flying from a town where the plague is committing its ravages, or a ship foundering at sea; the fear of death determines us in each of these cases, and the same fear would prompt every man to avoid a personal combat which endangered his life, did not the greater fear of public opinion prompt him to risk it. Let the public Journals assume the first stand, public men and public institutions the next, in a stern disapproval of this pernicious and brutal practice, and the fear of death will operate, as it is wisely intended to do, as a wholesome restraint upon men, who must and should have higher and holier obligations, than are to be found in a mere selfish consideration of personal pique or personal vanity.

Genius.

A universal genius is no genius at all. True genius is only known by its results, and that is the reason why the best estimate of it is always made by posterity. Its most certain indication is the fixedness of its pursuit of one single object; its eye is seldom diverted, and if diverted returns to that object immediately. Without this fixedness, nothing could be done by man. All great achievements are long and laborious in conception, slow and continuous in execution. Look at the undeviating aim of Columbus in the discovery of America. Look at all the successful labors of science, wherever achieved. Where the mind has to contend in many pursuits; where its labors are diversified and numerous, its results must always be few and unimportant. The universal genius attempts every thing and achieves nothing; the true genius, though capable of but one achievement, is nevertheless universal in that one; since time but proves its genuineness, and all ages, and every people, subscribe at once to the justice of that claim, which asks for it the meed of immortality.

Varieties of Human Species.

The human race has been divided into *ten* species by Hesmolelius; and *fifteen* by Bory, De Saint Vincent. Viry, Blumenbach, De Lufede, and others, advance a similar doctrine.

[Our Correspondent is right in some things, but not in all. We did over-rate this lady, as we do every novelty, and perhaps, committed many extravagancies in the overflowing of our admiration. Our young men have called her a goddess, an angel, a paragon of excellence and beauty, wonder of the world; and such praise, whether serious or burlesque, reflects sadly upon our understandings, when we learn that it is all bestowed upon a young woman, who though an amiable lady, is nevertheless, but an actress, and in the humblest line of theatricals.—EDITOR.]

—
Miss Clara Fisher.

Now that she has left us to ourselves we may enjoy the pleasure of analyzing her singular merits as an actress. To do this with propriety is, perhaps, more difficult than any one would imagine: for so complex are her dramatic powers, and at the same time, so brilliant and striking, that they require even the most judicious taste to classify them in their associations with one another. Like the primary colors of the painter, they leave upon the mind the same combined admiration. But when we attempt to contrast the merits which they severally afford, we at once break their affinity and destroy the beauty of the whole.

When we say that Miss Fisher's cast of character lies in the volatile and airy performances, we must not forget those nobler expressions of feeling, with which she has so frequently entertained us. She is characterised as we have already hinted, by no one particular passion; but by a natural union of them all. In deep pathos we have seen Mrs Gilfert and Mrs Hughes far excel her. In genteel comedy Miss Kelly does the same. In the sweet modulation of voice we have been infinitely more captivated with Mrs Knight. In fine, in every character which she has personated before us, if we have not seen her superiors, we have at least experienced her equals.

We have heard persons attribute Miss Fisher's astonishing popularity to her beauty and unusual vivacity, but although she possesses some of the former and much of the latter, still we have seen in Miss Riddle a greater exhibition of each. With some the question has arisen 'whether her qualities are calculated to increase her merits as an actress.' We say not; and the history of her theatrical

career substantiates our opinion. Like Minerva she has been born with all her faculties matured, but unlike that goddess when a few more years shall have grown upon her, those charms which she now possesses will be lost in the remembrance of her youthful facetiousness. Her manner, like the rocket, catches the eye with its uncommon brightness and celerity, and having dazzled it for a while, leaves it to contemplate its expiring stars as the only remembrance of its former existence. For the same reason, those characters which she now plays with the greatest propriety and eclat, will, in our opinion, degenerate into utter coldness, when we view them as the performance of a woman grown. She might, however, retrieve this deficiency in the more dignified performances although we have seen her fail even in them.

In conclusion, we are led to believe, that Miss Fisher's celebrity at this time, arises solely from her skilful perception of her own powers. We have visited the Theatre when the audience have appeared entirely dissatisfied with her chief performance, but it was in the after piece 'where nature alone spoke out' that she proved a dead shot to them all. It is enough for her to entreat them 'not to fall in love,' and 'ere she finishes her 'bland persuasion,' like another Cupid she has an hundred hearts at her mercy; so creepingly does she come upon them. In this her acting cannot be considered the imitation of any one. It is in every sense the reflection of the character itself. The author holds up to her mind and there we behold all its features assimilated. We have seen other actors study certain models and succeed beyond their own expectations, but Miss Fisher has given herself to nature and she has made her one of her most favorite children. In this lays her peculiar merit. Whether it is calculated to increase or diminish is not for us, but some future day to determine. C.

—
Diablerie.—No 2.

This morning being the twenty-eighth of July, and the 1st of August near at hand, (the day on which we have proposed issuing the present number of our Journal,) out sallied our printer and publisher to seek our person, in much wrath and tribulation. All our communications had been exhausted by our over large pages and over small type; and we had

accordingly to set to work, in the hope of gleanings from the 'living spirit' a portion of that celestial combustible, which was to inflame us with the glow of inspiration, and authorship. Our once prolific fountain was, however, quite at a stand; it lay sluggish and dormant as a 'mantled pool'; it no longer bubbled and brightened over, but crept away among the pebbles and gravel; too many draughts had completely exhausted and left it barren, and so, having nothing to give our worthy typesetter, we abstracted ourselves through the key hole of our garret, to avoid his importunate thirstings after literature.

We had just left our observatory, on seeing him, advancing in rapid and ungainly strides, down the street in front of our domicile, and sallied through our back-parts, which are admirably well adapted to the security, and for the retreat of occasional gentlemen, who, laboring under *strange* and *unkind suspicions of debt*, may have reason to apprehend a visit from some of the uncompromising and shoulder-tapping gentry, when we encountered our old friend, the Captain, (so we shall take the liberty of calling him,) a worthy man, of much adventure and countenance, and properly estimated on 'Change, but now living in a state of single and literary retirement; who, taking us familiarly by the hand, with much kindness inquired after our health and welfare.

There was some reason for the inquiry; for, as he himself observed, we did appear somewhat out at the elbows, and cursedly rough and Briton-like. We were quite ready for quarrel—suppressed the author's 'white feather,' and showed symptoms of fight; but the Captain was not the precise man to bring us out: on the contrary, turning his tongue significantly in his jaws, so as to create the appearance of an excrescence in one of those stoutly-hinged members, he gave us an understood hint of some bloody corks yet undrawn, and carried us in. After the first bottle, which, to say the truth, was certainly of the first chop, and well calculated to seduce the poor devil-back from his humdrum labors, we positively swore that we would only see him through the one in hand, while he as positively affirmed an intention of *flooring us, secundem artem*. Our '*upper crust*' was hidden accordingly, and it would have been rather too *poet-like* to have sallied forth to our lodgings bare-headed; so, from necessity, we were compelled to enter into

a fair treaty of preliminaries, ere we concluded to bleed the remaining half-dozen.

'And thus sung he, and thus sung we—
Thus should merit coupled be:

Wit can shine,
When merry wine,
Keeps it gentle company.'

'Ah!' said our host, apostrophizing the old poet from whom we quoted, 'thou wert, of all flesh, the merry devil of Edmonton;' and concluded with a sigh from the bottom of his heart, that the eccentric being to whom his apostrophe was addressed, died some hundred years ago.

After this episodical undulation in our tide of good humor, we began to settle the plan of our proper government for the evening.

Article 1. Whereas, I, 'the Captain' (so called familiarly by the imps of my own conventicle with whom I do at this time contract and agree,) Gentlemen and member of several learned institutions, too numerous, as Isaac Emanuel says, to enumerate; a man of much ease and steady habits——' here we made a significant sign, that our worthy entertainer had given himself rather too much rein, and was certainly going too far, as his worst enemy had never ventured to speak the harm of him, that he had here done of himself; and scandal, we all know, trots while truth is a lame beggar, who if he falls in, is seldom helped out of a ditch. We ventured, therefore, to suggest to our host, the propriety of making the passage run thus: 'a man of much *space*, and *ready* habits,' an improvement certainly in thought and diction, that a man with half an eye must easily have seen; but the Captain demurred.

'Friend—— (excuse us,) where's the drift in being a man of space? I can't see that, by Methuselah!

Our Southern brethren, who are at this time about to enjoy the luxuries of our Northern Cities, should afford us in lieu of their presence, some little account of the parts they visit, the curiosities they see, and the humors and thoughts their adventures may give rise to. We, ourselves, know but little of our Northern neighbors and fellow citizens and earnestly desire to know more. Cannot some of the happy loungers oblige us with an occasional epistle in our general miscellany, headed 'Dear Editor,' &c &c, and enlivening us with a few hair-breadth escapes, and fashionable adventures, eh?